

# Fair MARGARET's Misfortunes ;

O R,

## Sweet William's frightful Dreams on his Wedding Night

With the sudden Death and Burial of those noble Lovers.



AS it fell out on a long summer's day,  
Two lovers they sat on a hill ;  
They sat together that long summer's day,  
And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margaret,  
And you see none by me :  
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock  
A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,  
A combing of her hair ;  
And there she sp'd sweet William and Bride,  
As they were riding near.



Down she laid her ivory comb,  
And up she bound her hair ;  
She went her way forth of the bower,  
But never came there.

When day was gone, and night come,  
And all men fast asleep :  
There came the spirit of fair Margaret,  
This caused him to weep.

God give you joy, you true lovers,  
In bride-bed fast asleep ;  
Lo ! I'm going to my green grass grove,  
And I am in my winding-sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,  
And all men wak'd from sleep,  
Sweet William to his lady said,  
My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dream'd a dream, my dear lady,  
Such dreams are never good :  
I dream'd my bower was full of red swine,  
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured sir,  
They never do prove good ;  
To dream thy bower was full of swine,  
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three ;  
Saying, I'll away to fair Margaret's bower,  
By the leave of my lady.

And when he came to fair Margaret's bower,  
He knocked at the ring ;  
So ready were her seven brethren  
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,  
Pray let me see the dead :  
Methinks she does look pale and wan,  
She has lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margaret,  
Than any of thy kin ;  
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
Tho' a smile I cannot win.

With that bespoke the seven brethren,  
Making most piteous moan :  
You may go kiss your jolly brown dame,  
And let our sister alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,  
I do but what is right ;  
For I made no vow to your sister dear,  
By day, nor yet by night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,  
Of your white bread and your wine ;  
So much as is dealt at her funeral to-day,  
To-morrow shall be dealt at mine.

Fair Margaret dy'd to-day, to-day,  
Sweet William he dy'd the morrow :  
Fair Margaret dy'd for pure true love,  
Sweet William he dy'd for sorrow.

Margaret was bury'd in the lower chancel,  
And William in the higher :  
Out of her breast there sprung a rose,  
And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church-top,  
Till they could grow no higher ;  
And there they grew in a true lovers knot,  
Which made all people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,  
As you this truth shall hear,  
And by misfortune cut them down,  
Or they had now been there.

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